

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

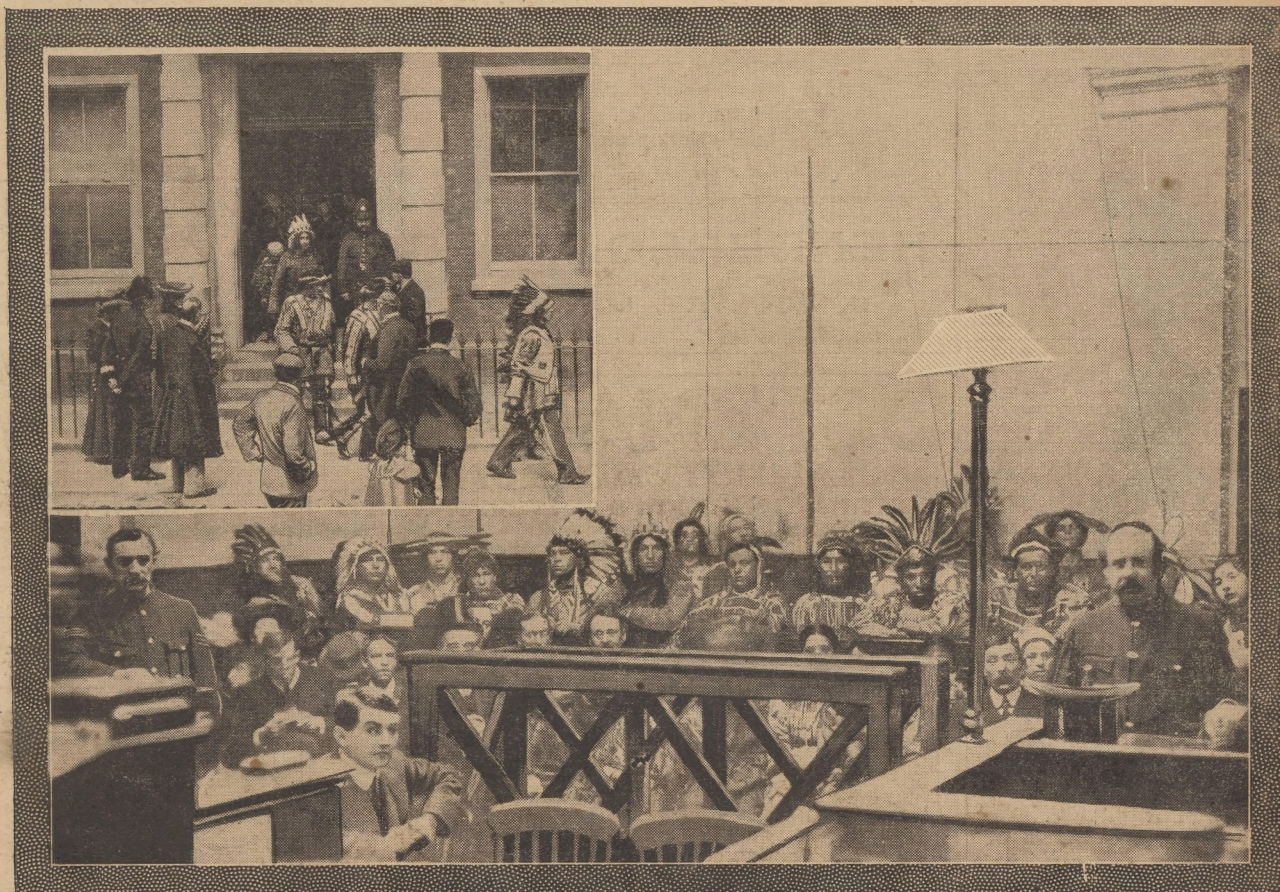
No. 489.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS IN A LONDON POLICE COURT.



Forty-two Red Indians in full war-paint invaded the West London Police Court yesterday to obtain licences for five of the "papooses" to take part in the living picture of native life which will make a feature of the Earl's Court Show this year. The red men, some of whom carried tomahawks, were successful in their application, Mr. Lane, the magistrate, remarking that he did not think a licence was necessary.

FRENCH CHAMPION FOR THE DERBY AT EPSOM.

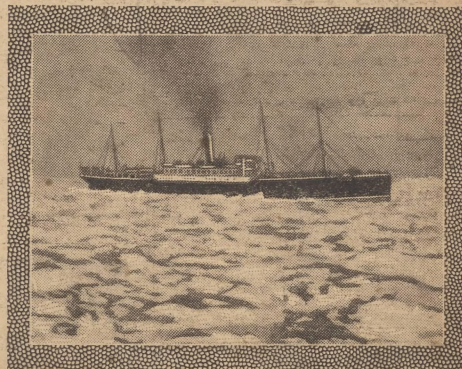


M. Blanc's Jardy, the French champion for the Derby, takes his first gallop at Epsom yesterday.



Jardy returning to Mr. Holt's stable after a gallop at Epsom yesterday.

ICE-BOUND IN THE ATLANTIC.



Winter in the Atlantic has continued well into the middle of the present month. The photograph shows the Allan liner, Lake Champlain, ice-bound off the coast of Newfoundland.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE "105" CLUB.—New Social Club OPEN June 3rd. Subscription to limited number one guinea. For particulars apply by letter to Secretary, 36, King-st, Covent Garden, W.C.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart. LAST NIGHTS. TO-DAY at 2 and 8. **HAMLET.** H. B. Irving, Oscar Asche, Mrs. Tree, Lily Brayton. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, 8.30.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. A new play in three acts, adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau. NEXT MATINEE SATURDAY, June 3, at 2.30, and every following WEDNESDAY. Priced Every Evening at 8.15 by THE BALLAD-MONGER.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a New Light Play, in 4 acts, by James Bernard Fagan, entitled

HAWTHORNE, U.S.A.

MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, June 3, at 2.30, and every following Wed. and Sat. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3193 and 3194 Gerrard.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. William Greet. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. MR. MARLIN HARVEY'S SEASON. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING (except Wednesday) at 8.0, and every Wednesday at 2. HAMLET. Every Wed. 8.0. TO-DAY and Every Sat. at 2.0. THE ONLY WAY. Tel. 3687 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Will appear TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8.30 sharp, in JOHN GUNTER, M.P.

Adapted from the story of Katherine Cecil Thurston by E. Temple Thurston. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS. Mr. HENRY VIVIAN. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS. Miss BELLA PATEMAN and Miss MARION TERRY.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

THE COLISEUM. CHARIOT RACE. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY at 12 noon, 3 p.m., 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped admission envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Prices: Boxes £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 4s., 3s., and 2s. (telephone No. 7,692 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1s.; Balcony, 6d. (telephone No. 7,699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half-price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

THE LYCEUM.—TO-NIGHT, 6.30 and 9.—Raymond and Kirkham, Ibsen Obed, Hetty King, Hilgart Arkas Troupe, J. Lindt, Dent and Harris, Annie Downes and Langford, Musical, J. J. Jones, Ricardo and Balving, Pictures, Rudolph Bohemian Girl by Lyceum Operatic Company.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. Representative Exhibits from all parts of the World.

GREAT ROMAN ANIMAL CAME. Displays by Native Warriors, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30. **CAFE CHANTANT.** 2.0 and 8.0.

The Heavenly Light Water Chute, Rapids, Topsy-Turvy Railway, Maxim's Flying Machine, Military Bands, and other attractions.

Table d'hôte luncheon and dinners in the New Dining Rooms overlooking the Grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. FETE.

Visit of the DUKE and DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT. March Past, 2.30. Grand Concert (5,000 voices), 4.30. Polo Club Balloon Ascent at 2.30.

Polo Match, Cricket Match, and other events.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "HENGELER'S." OXFORD-CIRCUS, W. Daily at 3 and 8. Over 200 acting and performing animals. Daily 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 6s. Children half-price to all parts.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION. EARL'S COURT. Open 12 noon to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

Season tickets, 10s. 6d. Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries. NELSON'S CANNERY, BURLING, and of all Naval Events from the 15th to 20th Century.

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Go on board the full-size Cruiser. Real Batteries of 47 Guns. Hotchiss and Maxims. The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handy-men.

Go on board and visit the Mediterranean ports. Trafalgar 1805—Professor Fletcher's Great Work. Death of Nelson. West's Own Navy. Maxim's Gun. Great Indian Village—Chiefs, Squaws, and Papooses. Voyage in a Submarine. Vanderbilt's Haunted Cabin. Ramon de Sa. Fights. Miss de Rohan's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tinkling Canoe. Auto-Photographic Portraits. Switch-Back Chutes.

FISH RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, Etc.

POLYTECHNIC TOURS AND CRUISES. CRUISES TO THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS. A cruise of nearly 3,000 miles for 9s. guinea. Fortnightly from June 10th.

A WEEK IN SWITZERLAND. 5 GUINEAS. Conducted parties and independent travel for LUGERNE, Geneva, Grindelwald, Zermatt, Chamonix, Italy, The Rhine, etc.

WEEK IN PARIS for 41 guineas, including excursions in Paris, also to Fontainebleau and Versailles. Leaving every week.

SPECIAL WHITSUN TOURS. PROGRAMME now ready. Full details from the Polytechnic, 309, Regent-st, London, W.

WILSON LINE. TOURS TO NORWAY, SWEDEN, and RUSSIA from HULL and LONDON.

10 days, 8s. guinea; 17 days, 11 guineas. SPECIAL VACATION TOURS TO NORWAY from HULL every Tuesday to 10th July.

6 days, 6s. 6d.; 12 days, 12 guineas. Apply to THOS. WILSON, SONS and CO., Ltd., HULL. The UNITED SHIP LINES, Ltd., 108, Fenchurch-st, E.C. THOS. COOK and SON, Ltd., 1, Abchurch-lane, E.C. GELLAUGH, HARKNEY and CO., 21, Pall-mall, S.W.

24 DAYS AT SEA. 15 to 17 GUINEAS. The S.S. MOROCCO will be dispatched from LONDON on the 1st June, for DARTMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, and four other ports on the Coast of Morocco, Tenerife, Las Palmas (Canaries), and Madeira, returning to London on June 25th. Followed by S.S. OROZAVA, June 8th.

Doctor and stewardess carried. Illustrated handbook from Messrs. FORBES, BROS. and CO., 16, St. Mary Axe, E.C., or the Office of Messrs. THOS. COOK and SON.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ISLE OF MAN FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.—Sunniest spot in United Kingdom; air bracing and scenery charming; guides, excursions, hotel and apart. lists post free.—WALTER D. KELG, 27, Imperial-buildings, Lodge-church, E.C.

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Dining-room Chair to match, 18/9

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32/6

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1905 POPULAR PARCEL 21/- LOT No. 219 contains 5 pairs of Curtains, wonderful wearing qualities, specially made for this parcel, as follows:—2 pairs ALIKE Dining-room Curtains, choice design, from Real Lace, 3 1/2 yards long, 6 1/2 ft. wide; 1 pair superb Drawing-room Curtains, full Lace Border, light centre, 4 yards long, 2 yards wide; 2 pairs ALIKE Bed-room Curtains, 3 yards long, Modern Art Design. Extra if desired. Direct from the LOOMS. Sold on its merits for 25 years. Sent carriage paid for 21/-. Prize Medalists: Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893. **SAMUEL PEACH and SONS, THE LOOMS, Box 219, NOTTINGHAM.** Established 1837.

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"TIMES" LIBEL ON THE ARMY.

One Foreigner Equal to Ten
British Soldiers.

MEN OUT-OF-DATE.

Slanders Refuted by British Generals
Before War Commission.

An astounding and unwarrantable attack on the British soldier is made in the third volume of the "Times" History of the War in South Africa—an attack which will cause universal amazement and arouse widespread indignation.

Discussing the unfortunate affair of Spion Kop, the plateau which was held by our forces for two days (January 23-24, 1900) in face of a terrific, raking shell-fire from the strong Boer positions, and then abandoned owing to a misunderstanding between General Sir Charles Warren and Colonel Thorneycroft, the History, after severely blaming the officers concerned, makes this cruel and unjustifiable assertion:—

Nor, in physical and moral endurance was the British soldier equal to the terribly exacting demands of modern warfare. Spion Kop might have been held against all comers by 500 men, but not by 500 ordinary British soldiers, nor by 5,000.

In other words, the "Times" maintains that 5,000 British soldiers could not have accomplished with success. This means that in the writer's opinion—an opinion put on record with all the weighty authority of the "Times" behind it—one foreigner is equal for fighting purposes to ten Britons.

WORTH THREE FOREIGNERS.

In a letter published by the "Times" yesterday, Colonel Lonsdale Hale, who knows the British soldier thoroughly well, quotes the old saying that one Englishman is worth any three foreigners, and says he does not envy those who take a lower estimate of their countrymen of to-day.

Evidently the editor of the "Times" history is one of those whom Colonel Hale "would not envy." His estimate of his countrymen is very low indeed. In fact, he actually goes so far as to draw a distinction between "ordinary British soldiers" and "men."

This almost incredible comparison is made more indefensible by the fact that it runs so directly counter to what all our generals, and other officers, as well as independent observers, said about the splendid qualities which our brave troops displayed so signally during the South African war. Here are a few of the numberless appreciations of the British soldier to be found in the evidence taken by the Royal Commission on the War:—

LORD ROBERTS:

The highest praise I can give the regular soldier of to-day is to say that he is in no single respect inferior to his predecessor, and that in some he is greatly superior. He is more intelligent. He is more temperate. He knows his duties better. He has more self-respect; and he is more readily amenable to discipline.

LORD KITCHENER:

The material is very good (though he was of opinion that the men might have been more intelligently trained). That, however, showed no shortcoming on their part).

SIR REDVERS BULLER:

Danger and hardship were nothing to them, and their courage, their tenacity, were beyond all praise.

GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN:

General physique, morale, and endurance perfectly marvellous.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR R. POLE-CAREW:

Morale, physique, and intelligence as good as we could have.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BRUCE HAMILTON:

This fighting capacity could not be excelled.

GENERAL BARTON:

"I think the quality of the men was excellent... they showed magnificent courage and pluck."

GENERAL A. H. PAGET:

Marching and physique very good indeed. Morale excellent.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR H. HILDYARD:

The physique of the men was excellent... The morale was very satisfactory.

No one would contend that the British soldier is without faults. He is not an angel, or a plaster saint; he is a man.

But to suggest that 5,000 "ordinary British soldiers" could not do what 500 "men" could do is a libel so exaggerated as to be grotesque. It is a more mischievous slander than any of the wild lies circulated during the war by the pro-Boer faction on the Continent to the detriment of British endurance and British pluck.

TALE OF WITCHCRAFT

English Family Under Influence of
the "Evil Eye."

STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

The peaceful little village of May Hill, in Gloucestershire, has been the scene of a number of most strange events.

On the 6th of the present month a farmer named Markey reported that he had lost £35. The aid of the police was invoked, and two suspected houses searched, but no trace of the money was found.

On the 17th Markey drove over to the Forest of Dean and consulted a witch, in the hope of obtaining information concerning the money.

On the 18th Mrs. Barnes, Markey's daughter, went out of her mind, and in the evening of the same day Mrs. Green, Mrs. Barnes's daughter, also went mad.

They broke all the windows and the crockery, and the farmer, now driving mad, is now in Gloucester Asylum, and the others in Newent Workhouse Hospital.

On May 19 Markey's wife ran away at seven in the morning, and, in spite of search by the police, could not be found. On the 20th Markey became very strange.

On Monday last Mrs. Markey returned home in the evening, having been in the woods all the time since her disappearance, and having lived on green leaves and water.

These strange events are attributed to the fact that Markey consulted the witch, and the whole neighbourhood is in a ferment.

On Tuesday a son of Markey, who lived at Blakeney Hill, showed signs of madness after visiting May Hill.

Finally, on Wednesday evening, he was locked up in a cell, and on Thursday afternoon was pronounced insane.

RUSSIAN RUSE.

Warships at Shanghai Intended To Divert
Togo's Attention.

The only definite news of the rival fleets to hand is that of the arrival of the Russian auxiliary cruisers off Shanghai.

It is believed in Tokio that they are intended to draw off a portion of the Japanese fleet. Several Russian men-of-war are also reported off the Suddies, islands about seventy miles south-east of Hong Kong.

In Manchuria an important development is supplied by the appearance of a body of Japanese raiders far to the north of the Russian army. They were seen close to the railway and encountered a small body of Russians, who retreated.

Particulars of the disaster to General Rennenkampf are supplied by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien." The General attempted a very audacious raid, and was surrounded by Japanese cavalry, supported by infantry and guns.

To avoid being entirely cut off the Russians took to flight, losing half a brigade of Cossacks killed and wounded.

QUEEN HOME AGAIN.

Weymouth Welcomes Her Majesty with
Striking Decorations.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with Queen Alexandra on board, arrived in Weymouth Bay yesterday afternoon.

The royal yacht was escorted by the cruiser Aboukir. The weather during the voyage had been beautifully fine, and Weymouth was gaily decorated in welcome of her Majesty.

To-day the yacht will leave Weymouth for Portsmouth with her Majesty and the royal party still on board.

BOY KING'S ENEMIES.

Anxious Precautions in Paris for Safety of
Spanish Monarch.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Much anxiety is felt in Paris at the attitude taken up by the Anarchists, who have expressed their determination to show their hostility to the King of Spain by giving him a "reception he will not soon forget."

Five Spanish Anarchists were arrested last night, their arrival having been notified by the Spanish Government.

HULL TRAWLERS IN TROUBLE.

Evil fortune has been dogging three Hull trawlers in Iceland waters.

The Danish cruiser Heckla, says a Reuter message, stopped the Chrysolite, the Livingstone, and the Lord Kitchener, imposing fines of £140, £108, and £180, and confiscating gear and catch.

£16,275 FOR A CUP.

Precious Fragment of Rock Crystal
Creates a Record.

At Christie's yesterday a record price was paid for an art object in an English sale room. This was £16,275 for a rock crystal biberon mounted with enamelled gold, 12½ in. high and 16½ in. long, the property of Mr. John Gabbitts.

A dealer opened the bidding by offering 500 guineas. Everyone looked amazed, but consternation gave way to surprise as the price steadily mounted up to 9,500 guineas, offered by Mr. Charles Wertheimer.

At this juncture Mr. Duveen offered 10,000 guineas, but as each successive bid was increased by his opponent he retired, leaving Mr. Wertheimer possessor of the vase at a cost of 15,500 guineas.

Loud applause greeted the conclusion of this Homeric fight for a precious curio.

Prior to the sale of this object the silver plate of the late Louis Huth was sold, producing nearly £18,500. This concluded the sale of the Huth art treasures, which he occupied Messrs. Christie's rooms for nine days, the total for the whole sale being £148,165.

OCEAN YACHT RACE.

German Vessel Hamburg Had a Long Lead
Last Monday Evening.

The latest information about the competitors in the great ocean yacht race for the Kaiser's cup is conveyed by a wireless telegram from the St. Louis, bound for Europe, which has reached New York via the steaming companies and Sigsbee.

At 1.30 on Monday afternoon she passed the Ailsa in longitude 55.24 west of Greenwich, the Endymion having been passed two miles further west. There was a light south-easterly breeze.

But the German yacht Hamburg was passed at 7.50 that evening in longitude 52.25. She was 135 miles ahead of the Ailsa, encountering light, variable winds.

A German liner had passed the Hamburg and the Endymion close together at 9 a.m. yesterday week in longitude 67.30 west, and certainly no yacht was then ahead of them.

MOTOR-CAR IN FLAMES.

Lady Passengers Rescued in the Nick of
Time.

Three ladies named Coe were being driven in a motor-car by a professional driver along East India Dock-road last night, when the petrol tank exploded with a terrific report, and immediately the car became enveloped in flames.

The driver leaped to the ground, and the uncontrolled car dashed on to the pavement, where it brought up against the wall. Passengers rushed to the rescue of the ladies, and enabled them to escape from the car, practically without injury.

Buckets of water were brought from the neighbouring houses and poured on to the burning car, but all to no purpose, as the machine was entirely destroyed.

ABDUCTED BY A MOOR.

Consul Intervenes in Case of an English Girl
at Tangier.

TANGIER, Friday.—A Moor, an acrobat by profession, having made a mock marriage with an English girl in England and having brought her here, the British Consulate demanded that the girl should be sent back to England.

The Moor refused. The Consul threatened to deliver him up to the local authorities, whereupon the Moor produced a revolver in the room of the Consulate, saying that he would kill the Consul.

His intention was, however, frustrated by the Consular clerk. A struggle took place, and the Moor managed to escape and take sanctuary.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Owing to trouble at Dir, Nawagi, and Nowshera, in Northern India, a portion of a movable military column mobilised at Peshawar is already on the way to Chakdara.

News has reached Dakar (Senegal) of the assassination by Moors at Tijkja, in the Sahara, of M. Coppolani, Commissioner of the Government (French) General of Mauritania.

It is stated that Mr. Ziegler, whose fortune was estimated at £10,000,000 a few years ago, put aside a large sum, the interest therefrom to be used for Arctic exploration.

Another tornado has swept over Northern Texas. Numerous buildings have been wrecked, including churches and cotton mills. The loss is estimated at £100,000.

The town of Tamazula, in the State of Durango, Mexico, has been almost destroyed by an earthquake.

DEATH OF A PRINCE OF FINANCE.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild and
the Romance of His House.

MONARCHS OF MONEY.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who died in Paris yesterday-morning after a brief illness, was one of the numerous grandsons of the founder of the great and historic financial house.

His death has caused widespread grief in Paris, where his princely liberality to the poor endeared him to thousands who are not usually ready to think kindly of a Jew.

When his son and heir, Edward, was married last March to a daughter of M. Ephrussi the Baron gave away more than £100,000 in charity.

The late Baron's sterling character, as well as his liberality, made him worthy of the universal respect in which he was held.

To M. Jules Huret, a well-known Parisian journalist, who asked him whether he thought that riches led to happiness, the Baron replied:—"Ah, no! That would be too glorious. Happiness is something totally different."

"I suppose some advantages do attach to money, or people would not give themselves so much trouble to gain it; but, believe me, the true source of happiness is—work."

AVOIDED £80,000.

He went to a lot of trouble once to avoid gaining £80,000, to which he was legally entitled.

On the person of Abraham Fidler, a professional beggar, who died at Nice last August, securities worth £80,000 were found, with a will leaving this fortune to Baron Rothschild. Under the will was written, "Geld geht zu geld" (money goes to money).

The Baron at once set inquiries afoot, and did not rest until relations of Fidler had been found—some in Odessa and some in Brooklyn. Then he had the money shared amongst them in due proportions.

It was at the Baron's beautiful house at Ferrière that King William and his staff, including Bismarck, stayed during the siege of Paris.

Contrary to expectation the uninvited guests were considered to a fault. Not a bottle of wine from the well-furnished cellar was taken, and the house was left showing few signs of its military occupation.

The late Baron looked older than his years. For the past thirty years his hair had been snowy white—turned white, it is said, by one night's terrible anxieties during the Paris Commune.

GREAT FAMILY HISTORY.

The history of the Rothschilds cannot be told without telling the history of Europe for the last 150 years.

Meyer Amschel Rothschild started a money-lending business in 1743 in Frankfurt. In 1801 he was the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel the sum of £1,000,000.

That was the first of a prodigious series of loans to Governments and kings.

The founder of the house had five sons, who were all made barons of the Austrian Empire in 1822.

One kept up the head establishment at Frankfurt; Solomon opened a branch at Vienna, Charles at Naples, Nathan Meyer in London, and James, father of the late baron, at Paris.

Rothschilds have agents all over the civilised world, as well as at places far beyond the confines of civilisation, and it often happens that they possess information ahead of the Chancelleries.

NEWS OF WATERLOO.

The instance of the early tidings of the Battle of Waterloo with various embellishments is known the world over. Fortunately we have Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's correct version of the incident.

His grandfather, who owned a few ships, impressed on his captains his desire for news of all kinds from all parts. One of them brought him an obscure Dutch newspaper in which in a single line it was stated that the English had won a great victory at Amsterdam.

"My grandfather," said Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, "at once went to the Treasury and informed Lord Liverpool. But at first the intelligence was not credited, for an earlier messenger had brought news of an English defeat."

At the English house in St. Swinith's-lane the English Rothschilds personally conduct their vast business.

Here, until a few years ago, there was a private assaying office, and gold reserve always maintained second only to that of the Bank of England.

It was the late Baron Alphonse who is credited with averting war between Great Britain and France over the Fashoda affair.

The French messenger was already on his way with papers breaking off diplomatic relations with the country, when he was recalled in consequence of a declaration by the Baron that on the day war was declared between England and France the equivalent of £350,000,000 would be withdrawn from France.

MISCHIEF IN THE TEA-POT.

M.P. Suggests Even Beer Is Less Harmful for Babies.

SUNDAY CLOSING DEBATE.

By a narrow majority of six votes—114 to 108—a Bill to close public-houses in England on Sundays was rejected in the House of Commons.

The debate was one of the liveliest and most entertaining heard in the House for a considerable time. Members vied with each other in repartee and good humour.

In his free-and-easy way Sir Frederick Banbury, the Government obstructionist, set about the measure with unaccustomed energy.

"If the milkman can sell milk on Sunday, why can't the publican sell beer on Sunday?" he asked. The teetotalers made no reply.

"I tell you that the hon. member behind me (Mr. Cameron Corbett, who had supported the Bill) has a cellar of his own, although I have not had the good fortune of being entertained at his house."

"But I understand my hon. friend in front" (referring to Mr. Cochrane, the Under Secretary of the Home Department) "has dined at his house, and has been supplied with some very good liquor of an intoxicating character." (Titters.)

Teetotaler's Vow.

"Yes," replied Mr. Corbett, shaking his head, "but he'll never get it again." (General merriment, in which Mr. Cochrane joined.)

"Clearly," argued Mr. Eugene Wason, the brawny Scot from Clackmannan, "the worthy baronet was not brought up under the Shorter Catechism, which allows on Sundays works of necessity and mercy."

"He asks if milk is sold on Sunday why not beer? Milk is a necessity."

"It reminded me of the story of the Scotch servant-girl who objected to cleaning out rooms on Sunday, but had no objection to milking the cows, because they couldn't milk themselves."

"I am a moderate drinker, whom Sir Wilfrid Lawson would call a moderate drunkard," observed Sir Carne Rasch. (Sir Wilfrid dissented by shaking his head.)

"Well," added Sir Carne, "the worthy baronet should never try to make drunken people sober by keeping sober people thirsty." (Peals of laughter.)

Sir James Fergusson did not impugn the motives of the Bill, but he did not think it was desirable to carry so restrictive a measure.

Toothless Arguments.

He believed more mischief resulted from excessive tea-drinking than from beer-drinking, and he was told by medical men that in his own part of the country (Ayrshire) the fact that a large number of young people lost their teeth was due to the consumption of strong tea. He moved the rejection of the Bill.

Mr. Moon said it had been shown in the evidence taken before the Physical Deterioration Committee that much mischief resulted from the excessive consumption of tea.

Sir W. Lawson: Does tea promote crime? Mr. Moon: No, but it conduces to lunacy, and it would be far better to give children beer than tea.

Sir F. Banbury described the Bill as a piece of grandmotherly legislation, which was calculated to destroy the self-reliance and sturdiness of the people, characteristics which had always been England's pride.

An amusing incident followed. Drunkenness on Sunday, declared the dark-visaged Mr. Groves, a Manchester brewer, was increasing in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales!

Patriotic Jealousy.

"That's not true as far as Ireland is concerned," sharply remarked Mr. T. W. Russell, from South Tyrone.

"I'll withdraw Ireland," said Mr. Groves, a little apologetically.

"And it isn't true as to Scotland," rejoined Mr. John Wilson, of Glasgow. "Mr. Groves must withdraw."

"Oh, no, sir," responded Mr. Groves. "I can't withdraw Scotland!" (The House shook with shouts of "Oh!" and screams of merriment.)

"Will he withdraw Wales?" appealed Mr. McKenna, from the Principality. "In fact, will he withdraw every part of the country except Manchester?" (Roars at Mr. Groves's expense.)

Mr. Groves discreetly passed the challenge by.

PREMIER SAYS "WAIT TILL TUESDAY."

Mr. Balfour laconically replied to questions by Lord Hugh Cecil in the House yesterday respecting the Colonial Conference of 1906, that some matters on which information had not already been given could be best dealt with in Tuesday's debate.

RUNAWAY TRAMCAR

Crashes Into a Shop Front—Women Cut by Glass.

Close to the Granville Hotel, Ramsgate, where a similar accident occurred in August, 1903, an alarming electric tramcar smash took place yesterday morning about eleven o'clock. Seven persons were injured—a little girl from Brixton very severely.

A car coming from Broadstairs suddenly left the rails, the trolley arm being dragged away from the overhead wire. Uncontrollable, the heavy vehicle dashed down Bellevue Hill, and crashed into the window of Messrs. Vye's grocery shop at the bottom. Passers-by shrieked in horror, several having very narrow escapes.

Some ladies inside the car were seen to have been cut, and were quickly extricated. But the car was jammed into the shop-front in such a way that the upper part of the shop collapsed upon it.

Edith Gregory, aged six, of Kellett-road, Brixton, niece of Mr. Leno, manager of the shop, was removed from under the tramcar with her head terribly injured. Her life is despaired of. She was standing in the shop when the car crashed through the window.

O'Connor, the driver, bravely kept to his post, and was rendered unconscious by injuries to head and chest. Hyde, the conductor, who also did his duty, and restrained passengers from jumping, advising them to crouch on the floor of the car, had his cheek-bone laid bare by broken glass. An elderly lady had both wrists sprained and other injuries, and three other passengers were severely hurt.

While a new electric tramcar was being tried at the Falcon Works, Loughborough, it dashed into a building at the terminus, smashing several windows. Four men were badly cut about the face and head.

KING'S NIECE'S TROUSSEAU.

British Traders Protest Against the Purchase of Dresses in Paris.

Apparently London, in regard to the trousseau of Princess Margaret of Connaught, has the same ground of grievance as Berlin has in reference to the future Crown Princess of Germany.

"We regret to learn," says the "Drapers' Record," "that a great portion of the trousseau of the Princess Margaret of Connaught has been purchased in Paris. Goods that might have been bought in this country and made by British labour have been supplied by foreigners."

"The situation is in every way regrettable. The example of the Court in these matters is followed by the leaders of the so-called 'smart set,' and thousands and thousands of pounds are in a case of this kind diverted from the channels that can claim to be regarded as legitimate."

FICTION AND FITS.

Sir Conan Doyle on the Strange Uses of Diseases by Novelists.

As an after-dinner speaker Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has added to his reputation by some amusing observations about novelists and the diseases that figure in their stories.

If, he said, the law of the novelist was strange, the medicine of the novelist was still more so.

In novels only a few diseases were recognised, and those were all to do with the upper part of the body, for no novelist ever hit below the belt.

The patient who went into a decline was most useful in fiction. Often with this extreme wasting the novelist created an almost ethereal beauty, but the disease that was most useful to a writer of fiction was undoubtedly fits—whether epileptic or epileptic mattered little to the novelist. The point was that the heavy and stertorous father was always eventually carried off in a fit, often falling down with a pen in his hand in front of an unsigned will.

NINE QUARTS OF BEER A DAY.

The report of the Factory Inspection Department of the Grand Duchy of Baden tells of extraordinary beer-drinking among certain of the working-class.

At a stone quarry, for instance, many of the employees were receiving on credit, from the canteen, from eight to twelve bottles (six to nine quarts) daily.

CENTENARIAN TRAMP.

At the meeting of the Northwich Guardians yesterday the workhouse master reported that he had admitted as a case of urgent necessity a man named Thomas Withington, who said he was 109 years of age.

He presents a patriarchal appearance, and is undoubtedly a great age.

LYCEUM CHANGES.

Management Abandons "Two Shows a Night" Scheme.

HIGHER PRICES.

In the most striking fashion the directors of the Lyceum Music Hall showed yesterday that the conclusion arrived at by the *Daily Mirror* in March was absolutely correct.

For a week, as everyone will remember, this paper had been responsible for the management of the Lyceum, Mr. Thomas Barrasford, the managing director, having handed it over in order to test the possibility of cheaper prices for seats. The music-hall was run on the "two houses a night" system, and special attractions were added to the programme.

The result of the week's trial, and the conclusions drawn from it, published on March 17, were as follows:—

If we had filled both houses the whole week we might have been able to show a profit even with these heavy expenses. But we proved conclusively that the seven o'clock house was in good at all. Until we persuaded Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Camille Clifford to appear at the earlier performance, we had the smallest audiences.

For suburban music-halls "two shows a night" may be good policy, but not for the West End.

"Two Shows a Night" Abandoned.

Yesterday the directors of the music-hall decided that the "two shows a night" system should be abandoned. From June 5 next only one performance nightly will be given at the Lyceum.

Mr. Barrasford, in an interview last night, confirmed another statement made in the *Daily Mirror*—that very cheap stalls are a mistake. From June 5 the price of the stalls will be 6s., instead of 5s., and 3s. seats 4s. Other prices will remain practically as at present.

"I have decided," said Mr. Barrasford, "that Londoners do not want the 6.30 performance, and apart from the lack of patronage, the two houses handicapped me in other ways. I could not persuade the great music-hall stars from the Continent to give two performances nightly."

"I am retaining all the popular features which I have introduced to London audiences, including the operatic selections by English singers, and I am introducing many other striking features."

"One of the features I shall introduce shortly will be the grand ballet, 'Excelsior,' in which 400 people will appear on the stage at one time."

PLEA FOR PETTICOAT-LANE.

Costers' President Weeps at the Menace to Famous Market.

"Pettycoat-lane is the cheapest market in the world," said Mr. Abraham Valentine, president of the Whitechapel Costers' Union to the Committee of the House of Lords on the Sunday Closing of Shops Bill.

There was no market on Saturday, the whole neighbourhood being Jewish. If Sunday trade was stopped Jews could not buy necessities for two-and-a-half consecutive days in each week. He went on to say that the Bill might compel him to work on his Sabbath, which he had always sacredly observed.

RELIC OF HEROD'S TEMPLE

Cast with Quaint Inscription Presented to British Museum.

There is an old saying: "He who has not seen Herod's Temple has seen nothing beautiful."

A cast of "the only authentic relic yet discovered" of the Temple of Jerusalem, has just been presented to the British Museum by the Rev. W. Bramley-Moore.

The relic is a tablet 3ft. by 2ft., which King Herod caused to be erected at the entrance of the Temple reconstructed by him, and bears the following quaint inscription:—

"No stranger is to enter within the balustrade round the Temple and enclosure. Whoever is apprehended will be responsible to himself for his death, which will promptly follow."

BOUGHT THEIR OWN BOTTLES.

Joseph Gates, a boy of fourteen, gave evidence yesterday against some older companions charged at West Ham with theft. He said they used to go to public-houses and steal the large stone bottles, for which they got a shilling. Asked where they sold them, he said at the places from which they were stolen.

RIVER SEASON OPENS.

Great Preparations Completed for the Coming Summer.

To-day the up-river season opens. From Putney to Oxford estate agents, boat-builders, and hotel-keepers are prepared for a busy and prosperous summer. Everything this year points to a revival of the old-time popularity of the river.

No fewer than 200 river houses have changed hands for the season, while decorators and florists have been energetic in refitting and beautifying scores of house-boats.

At Skindle's Hotel, Maidenhead, between fifty and sixty guests are expected this week, and the numbers will increase each Saturday as the weather grows warmer.

The ideal river boat this year is the swift petrol launch. At least a hundred of these luxurious craft have been dispatched up the Thames during May to various private houses.

Messrs. Tagg, at Molesey, anticipate a busy summer in regard to the hiring of boats. Already, as Mr. Harry Tagg informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday afternoon, between sixty and seventy boats of various sizes, from a steam launch to a punt, have been disposed of until September.

"For our bigger boats," said Mr. Tagg, "such as the Princess Beatrice, the Cempas, and the Indus, we have a lot of picnic engagements already booked."

"Things are very slack with small rowing as yet, with the exception of punts. The punt will be the most popular boat on the river this season, and there will be fewer canoes and skiffs seen about than ever before."

Pictures appear on pages 8 and 9.

£15,000 COMPENSATION.

Newcastle's Practical Way of Carrying Out Temperance Programme.

The Newcastle licensing magistrates yesterday decided to extinguish the licences of eleven houses in the poor part of the city.

It was stated that the question of compensation would be dealt with in a few weeks, but that no compensation would be paid until December.

The compensation fund, it was said, would amount to about £15,000, and the houses would retain the licences until the compensation was paid.

Three of the houses are situated in an area stated by the police to be largely frequented by thieves and persons of bad character, requiring very close police supervision.

RECORD RAILWAY RUN.

Fifty-five Miles Covered in the Astonishing Time of Forty-two Minutes.

Mr. W. M. Acworth, one of the British delegates who recently went to the United States to study railway methods, writes to the "Engineer" concerning a remarkable record speed trip they made.

The run had been arranged by the directors of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, and was from Camden to Atlantic City, a distance of 54 miles.

"The engine," writes Mr. Acworth, "started with a bound almost like an electric car. The third mile out was covered in 56sec. For the first 16 miles the line climbs slightly, but almost continuously. Then we began to run. Here is the record for successive miles—sec. 47, 44, 45, 45, 43, 43, 43, 43, 41, 41, 40, 41, 40, 40, etc.—mile after mile at 90 miles per hour or close on it."

"The return journey was faster still, and created a world's record—a run of 54 miles in 42min. in perfect comfort and without a single shock."

Mr. Acworth adds "What Brighton would grow to with a service of third-class expresses in three-quarters of an hour I hesitate to guess."

TRAMWAYS OVER THE WATER.

House of Commons Committee Sanctions the L.C.C. Proposal.

The scheme for building tramways across London bridges was advanced another stage yesterday, when the House of Commons Select Committee appointed to consider the matter announced its decision.

The Committee passed the proposal to bring tramways over Westminster Bridge, along the Embankment, and across Blackfriars bridge, and decided that a widening of Blackfriars Bridge was imperative.

The subway was also sanctioned, omitting connection with the Embankment tramway.

£6,000 A YEAR IN WATER TESTS.

Official analyses of water in London in 1896 numbered 2,750; last year there were 11,777. Yesterday the Metropolitan Water Board decided to establish a laboratory at a cost of about £6,000, and to appoint a director of water examinations at £1,000 a year.

TRAGEDY OF A STUDIO

Pathetic Stories of the Suicide of Husband and Wife.

MONEY TROUBLES.

Financial worry has been the most apparent cause of many suicides recently. Another example is provided by the evidence heard yesterday at the Westminster coroner's inquest upon the double suicide of William John Le Couteur and his wife, Mary Maud Le Couteur, who by mutual agreement inhaled gas fumes from the stove in the kitchen beneath their photographic studio in Brook-street.

It also appeared from the statements of several witnesses that, though Mr. Le Couteur's business had all the outward look of prosperity he was lacking in business instincts.

According to the evidence of the deceased wife's sister, Mrs. Pattinson, of Ennensleigh-gardens, Ilford, Mr. Le Couteur took no part in the photographic business for the past two years, being prevented by a judgment against him. Mrs. Le Couteur had never threatened to commit suicide, and the couple lived on most affectionate terms.

Died in an Armchair.

A remarkable story was told by Baron de Stelling a friend of Mr. Le Couteur. He said deceased had consulted him on many occasions with regard to his financial position.

On Monday morning he received a letter from Mr. Le Couteur asking him to call. Witness did so, and Mr. Le Couteur told him of the trouble he was in, and complained very bitterly of his position.

Mrs. Le Couteur said her husband had been badly treated by his solicitor, who was pursuing him and refusing to act for him, and also was suing her for a debt which she did not consider she owed. They were both very nervous.

Mr. Le Couteur asked for assistance to tide over the affairs, and said £150 to £200 would be sufficient. Witness suggested to Mrs. Le Couteur that in view of the wealthy business patrons she had she ought to apply to them, but she remarked that to do so would spoil the reputation of the business.

Mr. Le Couteur offered the lease of the building and the book debts as security, and witness arranged to get the money. Mr. Le Couteur was very much upset about his wife, said she was nervous, hysterical, and the doctor recommended her to go away.

Prevented from Working.

"But how can I send her away," exclaimed Mr. Le Couteur. "The people who purchased the original business have robbed me of my money, and secured an injunction against me preventing me working. If my wife goes away there will be no one to attend to the business."

A letter which Mrs. Le Couteur had left was addressed to Mrs. Pattinson, was dated four days before the tragedy, and contained no reference to what subsequently happened, but has this sentence:

"I only ask that the kiddies should not think badly of either of us."

A verdict of Suicide from gas poisoning whilst of unsound mind was returned.

KENT CAVE-DWELLERS.

Mother and Son Who Have Lived for Years in a Chalk-Pit.

"Molly" and "Tommy," mother and son, have lived for years in a disused chalk-pit in the East Kent district, not many miles from Dover.

Womenswold is the singular name of the village near to their prehistoric dwelling, which is approached by a path of rather steep descent.

The "residence" consists of a hurdle at right angles with the wall of the cliff, and a thatch and sailcloth on either side constitute the only protection from wind and weather.

"Molly," who is sixty and strong despite her seventy-old years, is proud of her red blouse, her string-secured skirt, and her old black mushroom hat. Her son is a fine, burly fellow, who earns his living by chimney-sweeping and odd jobs.

It is the proud boast of the old lady that she has never lived in a house and does not intend to do so.

* * * When travelling abroad, the Continental Edition of the "Daily Mail" will be found a welcome messenger of the world's happenings, far in advance of any other English daily newspaper.

The Continental Edition of the "Daily Mail" is on sale in Paris (for 1/4d.) ten hours before any other London daily; two days earlier in Southern Russia; a day and a night earlier in Alexandria, Suva, Port Said, Genoa, Palermo, Madrid, Lisbon, Barcelona, Rome, Liege, Malta, Athens, and Constantinople, and ten hours earlier in the Riviera.

Price 2d. in France (except Paris), and 1/4d. in other countries.

Offices: 3, Place de la Madeleine, Paris.

REDSKINS IN COURT.

Indians' Appearance Before the Learned Sacken of West London.

(With apologies to Hiawatha.)

Two and forty fierce Red Indians, all resplendent in their war-paint, filled the dark West London Police Court yesterday about eleven.

Mohawks, Iroquois, and Blackfeet, haughty Sioux and Onandaga, with their dusky squaws and babies, all from Earl's Court Exhibition.

Stared the magistrate intently, wiped his glasses in amazement. "What means this?" he asked, astonished, as the red men sang their war chant.

Forward then stepped Mr. Burton, forward, too, came five "papooses," all impatient for a licence, for performance at the village in the Earl's Court Exhibition.

Morning Star, the youngest boy, was—and his other name is Scarface—with a little girl called Wigwags—names that caused the Bench some trouble.

Mr. Burton told his story, said the children were not actors, though they played among the wigwags at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

"Perhaps a licence is not needed," said the magistrate succinctly. "I adjourn the application. I'll inquire into the matter."

"Good," exclaimed the braves in chorus. "Wah! the magistrate has spoken." Shook their tomahawks triumphant, and departed to their wigwags.

PORT WINE AND PEARLS.

Wimpole-Street Doctor Sued for Slander by His Parlourmaid.

Linda Bedborough, a young woman who, according to her counsel, has had a distinguished career as a parlourmaid, brought an action in the High Court yesterday for slander against a Wimpole-Street practitioner, Dr. Bertram Dawson, and his wife, Mrs. Dawson.

The doctor and his wife were charged with having imputed to the parlourmaid such a love for port wine and pearls that she appropriated property belonging to her master.

"Mrs. Dawson," said the girl, "searched my luggage, read my private letters, and scratched me."

Dr. Dawson is alleged to have said to the girl's parents after her departure: "Your daughter is a thief, a drunkard, and a demoralised woman."

The case was adjourned.

RUINED BY LUCK.

Young Man's Downfall Traced to Winning a £200 Bet on a Racehorse.

Six years ago a young man named Edwin Gerrard won over £200 in one wager on a racehorse. He resigned a good position in an insurance office, and has done no work since.

Yesterday he was sentenced at North London to a month's imprisonment in the second division for snatching a bag containing £4 10s. from Mrs. Marjory Lobb in Clapton.

Mrs. Lobb said that she did not relinquish possession of her bag, the chain of which was wound round her wrist, without a severe struggle. She then pursued Gerrard, who was arrested by a constable who joined in the chase.

Further evidence showed that Gerrard had never been convicted before, and was of most respectable parentage.

BURGLARY "A. B. C."

Rogues Who Kept a Useful Directory of Likely Victims.

Burglary methods on scientific lines were revealed at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, when Thomas Dacre, commission agent, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and Frederick Wright, clerk, to ten months' hard labour for complicity in warehouse robberies.

In the course of his investigations on the premises of the men, Detective-sergeant Brooks discovered a memoranda-book which contained the addresses of Lady Cormack, Lady Jeanne, Lady Paget, Lord Melbourn, and other titled people, with remarks such as "windows good," and rough-drawn plans of the situation of the houses.

WELSH TRUNK TRAGEDY.

Looking pale and unwell Mrs. Sarah Walther, widow, of Rhosiddu, Wrexham, made her appearance yesterday before the Llangoollen magistrates upon a charge of concealment of birth, consequent upon her sensational confession at Thursday night's inquest in connection with the remarkable trunk tragedy at Llangoollen.

The proceedings were formal, and a remand was granted.

PANIC AT A CIRCUS.

Elephant Injures Two Men and Is Killed by Volunteers.

There was a scene of frenzied panic in a travelling circus at Bakewell on Thursday night, when one of the four elephants suddenly tumbled its keeper to the ground with its trunk and knelt upon his prostrate body.

Order attendants led the animal away, extricating the keeper, who was seriously hurt, and the crowded audience was beginning to calm down, when angry roars were heard from outside the great tent, and the sides and staging swayed ominously.

A moment later the head and trunk of the infuriated animal were thrust through the canvas, and the terrified audience made a rush for the exits. Half-fainting women screamed and shrieked, and a frantic scene ensued.

Mr. George Coleman, manager for Lord Sanger, the proprietor, was felled to the ground and gored, a tusk penetrating deep into his thigh.

At last the elephant was secured, and Sergeant-Instructor Shepherd hastily recruited a firing-party of Volunteers and Derbyshire Yeomanry from the training camp hard by.

Firmly held by massive chains, the beast was killed by a single volley.

Both the injured men passed a restless night, and were yesterday in a precarious condition. Last night, however, the circus performed at Buxton.

FIFTEEN WEEKS' TRANCE.

Young Woman Who Fell Into a Wakeless Sleep While on a Holiday.

The "Essex County Chronicle" reports a curious case of trance.

Miss Maude Mary Grave, a lady aged thirty-two, and niece of the Misses Grave, of Great Baddow, went to live with her aunts on account of her poor health on January 31.

She fell into a trance, and lay in this state for a fortnight, taking practically no nourishment. On April 18 Miss Grave was removed to Guy's Hospital.

She remained in a heavy stupor—never speaking a word, and apparently not recognising anyone—until her death, which occurred in the hospital after the trance had lasted fifteen weeks all but a day.

A post-mortem examination revealed that she had been suffering from localised meningitis. Death, however, was due ultimately to pneumonia, which had supervened.

JEWEL SECRETS.

Why Dealers Adopt the Custom of Pawning by Proxy.

A curious case of pawning by proxy was heard at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, when Elizabeth Blades and Ethel Taylor were charged with stealing a diamond bangle, the property of George Sinclair and Samuel Harris, dealers, of Waterloo-road.

It was stated that the dealers met the women in Tottenham Court-road, and asked them to pawn the bangle with other jewellery. Ultimately, they said, the women disappeared with the bangle.

Mr. Plowden: Why don't you pledge it all yourselves?

Prosecutors: We have pledged at so many shops that we are known as dealers, and pawnbrokers won't have anything to do with us.

The accused were remanded.

WAR SECRETARY IN TROUBLE.

Alleged Pollution of the Lea by the Royal Gun Factory Waste Products.

The Waltham Abbey Bench have granted a summons for alleged river pollution against the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, Secretary of State for War. The alleged pollution is of Cobbin's Brook, a tributary of the River Lea, by waste products from the Royal Gun Factory, the summons being issued on the application of the Lea Conservancy Board.

A similar application against Major Naker, superintendent of the factory, was refused, on the ground that the major was merely acting under the War Office.

EMBEZZLED TO PAY HIS RATES.

A milk-carrier named Johnson told the Highgate Bench that he had taken his master's money to pay his rates, when charged with embezzling the sum of £2 18s. The man, who was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, said that taking a house had proved his ruin.

Mr. Horace Smith yesterday refused an application for a summons against Lord Rossmore for alleged perjury in an affidavit.

FIRST TEST MATCH

—WELCOME NEWS.

Hirst Available—Fry's Injury—Bowling Contrasts Wanted.

QUESTION OF RUNNING.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The welcome news comes to an intensely-interested community of supporters of English cricket that George Hirst's injury has yielded to medical treatment, and that he will be able to play for England on Monday, if wanted.

"Wanted! Hirst is at present as essential for a Test match as quinine is for a novice on the Gold Coast."

Beyond his bowling powers, Hirst is admittedly about the best mid-off in the world, while his batting this year has been, one way and another, so brilliant and consistent as to make it possible that he would rival Dr. W. G. Grace's great performance of 1,000 runs in May.

Fry is spoken of as an impossible, and the news has caused much gnashing of teeth. The story is authentic, and Fry himself believed on Wednesday that it would be impossible for him to accept the invitation of the committee to place his great abilities at the disposal of "Jackson's Company," as the English team is now commonly named.

Yet there is a hope, faint perhaps, but certainly possible, that Fry will turn out at the finish. His finger, wounded admittedly, was not so badly injured as was at first deemed probable; and I can state it as a fact that Fry will make every effort, consistent with common sense, to do what he can in the interests of English cricket.

Fast Bowler's Influence.

The reason, discussed and re-discussed with widely different theories, as to the exclusion of a fast bowler in the first Test match is that so far no fast bowler has ever done a job on the Trent Bridge ground. This contention is admissible up to a point, but it must be remembered that, on a plumb, hard wicket, slow bowlers have in the main been as ineffective as the fast bowlers, while on a bad wicket the fast men have not had a chance.

Good bowler though he is, W. G. is not the best of our fast bowlers at the present time, yet he has done more than one big thing for Notts on the home ground, against fine batting sides into the bargain. The whole point of the inclusion of a fast bowler, however, is not the question of his individual success as much as his influence in the blending of the medicine to be offered to the opposition.

Men like Rhodes and Bosanquet depend largely on the contrast between their slow—the fashionable term is tired, I believe—deliveries and expresses from the other end.

A fast bowler not unnaturally has the effect of keeping a batsman on the defensive and watching for the ball to score off behind the wicket, and not the one to be pushed by offensive play.

Follows the fact that he is liable to get back rather than forward to the slow bowler, tactics which from Bosanquet's and Rhodes's point of view are enormously in their favour.

Brearley's Fine Record.

"Fine bowling side though Lancashire are, they have been unable so far to make any impression on the Colonials, with the exception of Brearley. Brearley bowled well at the Crystal Palace; better, but with poor luck, at Lord's; better still, apparently, and with even worse luck at Old Trafford."

Let the ground be as perfect as you please at Trent Bridge, Brearley, if the match is to be played to win, would be a welcome addition to any of the ten selected to show what English cricketers can do.

A great difference, markedly in favour of the Australians, is that of the running of the two teams. The Australians run wonderfully well, understanding each other's tactics in a way that seems marvellous to one accustomed to the ordinary English style.

The Australians run short runs, put off the bowlers and the field, and yet seldom get run out; the Englishmen seldom run short runs, and very often get run out. It is to be hoped that much attention will be paid to this question of getting smartly between the creases, not only in this, the first, match, but also in the succeeding fixtures which are to decide the great rubber.

F. B. WILSON.

"WEEKLY DISPATCH."

THE BEST SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

YOUNGEST AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION.

Blue Riband Won by A. G. Barry, a Nineteen-Year-Old Player.

CONTEST OF SENSATIONS.

One of the most extraordinary golf championships ever decided was brought to a close at Prestwick yesterday, when, in A. G. Barry, premier honours went to the younger of two young finalists.

Last year, at Sandwich, the championship was carried off by a veteran of forty-two years, in Walter J. Travis, of New York; this year the honour was secured by a youth of nineteen.

Despite a record entry of 148 and a mild sensation in the early knocking out of no fewer than four ex-champions, it was generally conceded at the end of the fifth round that the tournament had been particularly uninteresting.

Then, however, the defeat of the first and second favourites—Robert Maxwell and John Graham, jun.—by A. G. Barry caused tremendous excitement. Even the staunchest admirers of his classic swing and powerful driving were scarcely prepared for such a denouement.

ENGLISHMAN CHAMPION.

Yesterday the clean-cut Cornishman had to meet the Hon. Osmund Scott, who has been playing consistently good golf for some time, and it was thought that the latter's experience would serve to pull him through. But from start to finish Barry's pluck, which was characteristic of his game all through the tournament, stood him in good stead.

He was the first to lead, and, although brought back to all square at the end of the first round, again opened with a win in the afternoon. Barry was three up at the turn, and from that point kept in front, eventually winning by three holes up and two to play.

It is worthy of note that the St. Andrews boy is the youngest player who has ever won the blue riband of amateur golf.

CHEERS FOR ROBERTS.

At One Time Yesterday the Veteran Within 1,000 of His Challenger.

After Roberts's brilliant play on Thursday there was rare excitement at the Caxton Hall yesterday. The tide had turned in favour of the veteran, and those who had said there is only one invincible billiard player were in a seventh heaven of delight.

It can be taken for granted that the world's record in the way of an attendance at a billiard match was easily made yesterday, and Roberts's task of giving a start of 2,000 points in 18,000 up is being followed with such supreme interest that every seat in the hall, and every inch of standing room, was occupied. Such a crowd has never before patronised a billiard match.

The great feature of the play at the outset was the scoring vein quite early displayed by Roberts. The spectators were delighted with his brilliant showing and the rapid manner he was cutting down his rival's lead.

ONE THOUSAND RUBBED OFF.

His beautiful stroke-effects earned him round after round of applause through the mazes of successive breaks of 87, 49, 93, and 133. In the midst of the latter effort the old champion had to make a halt when, with the marker calling the state of the score at "6,988 to 5,989!" against him, the house simply rose at him.

The demonstration went to mark the fact that Roberts had accomplished half of his task by cutting down the start he was giving to 1,000 points.

But it is the unexpected that happens in billiards as in other things. Just when things looked brightest for Roberts, he suddenly struck a very bad patch. He really could do nothing right. For a stroke or two after, leader had exhibited signs of being demoralised after that big outburst in the veteran's favour. But he found his form again with a 76, and from that time he never looked back, and by magnificently-executed breaks of 177, 283, and 108 recovered much of his lost ground.

Right to the end of the sitting Roberts, much to the dissatisfaction of the crowd, had to play second fiddle. The balls ran most unkindly for him, covering up time and again and fairly baffled the veteran's attempts to make headway. Stevenson, on the other hand, was always busy collecting points. Near the interval he sent up another fine break of 122.

At last Roberts got going again. Playing very freely, and bringing off some sensational canners, he held the table.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Farthing tickets are issued by the authorities to schoolchildren using the tramway cars at Blackpool.

Charged with stealing a coat, a Glossop youth pleaded that he left a pair of new trousers in exchange.

When he worked he swelled, said a pauper at Ashton Police Court in excuse for not doing his allotted work.

Major Noble has accepted the invitation to become Conservative candidate for North Westmorland at the general election.

Sir William Anson, in a parliamentary paper yesterday, gives the average attendance of infants at public elementary schools for the year 1903-4 as 1,572,224.

Sentence of six months' imprisonment was passed upon George Hall, tobacconist's assistant, at the Thames Court yesterday for the theft of 1,000 cigarettes.

There should be a limitation to the joking powers of the Bench, especially in criminal cases, says Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, for they generally mean a tragedy at home.

Whilst playing on the bank of the river at Brock, near Preston, yesterday, Lizzie Jones, the two-year-old daughter of a labourer, fell into the water, and, although she was promptly got out, life was extinct.

Considerable unpleasantness having existed amongst the school-managers at Crowland, Lincolnshire, over the question of the chairmanship, lots have been drawn for the much-coveted honour.

Tethering a cat with a rope some ten yards long, a Sutton farmer placed the animal in a field for the purpose of scaring away crows. When summoned at Osvestry for cruelty he said that no crows would come within twenty miles of the cat. The case was dismissed.

General B. R. Branfil, J.P., of Burghstead Lodge, Billerica, near Chelmsford, died yesterday.

No alteration of wages in the manufactured iron and steel trades of the North of England will be made during June and July.

In a garden at Aliphington, near Exeter, a cauliflower, weighing 15lbs., has just been cut. Two others scaled 10lbs. and 12lbs. respectively.

Hillside residents of Caerphilly and Leckwith, Cardiff, have found sheets of ice in the neighbourhood of their houses on more than one morning this week.

Sir W. Houldsworth, M.P., in presiding over yesterday's meeting of the Fine Cotton Spinners' Association in Manchester, described the past year as a lean one.

Nearly six weeks ahead of the contract date, the torpedo-boat destroyer Rother, built by Palmer's Company, Jarrow, has been delivered to the British Admiralty. Her speed is 25½ knots.

Before proceeding to Coburg to witness the ceremonies at the coming of age of her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duchess of Albany will pay a short visit to the Continent early next month.

MOTOR-CABS FOR LONDON.



A number of motor-cabs similar to the one photographed above have just been placed upon the streets of London, and it is anticipated that before long they will entirely replace the horse-drawn vehicle.

King Edward has sent a donation to Mrs. S. Ward, of Didsbury, who recently gave birth to triplets.

H.M. armoured cruiser Bedford completed her equipment at Sheerness yesterday, and left for Scotland to rejoin the first cruiser squadron until required to escort King Alfonso to Portsmouth.

Two old banking houses have been united by the wedding at Westacre Church of Mr. J. Gurney Barclay and Miss Gillian Birkbeck, daughter of Mr. Henry Birkbeck, of Westacre House, Swaffham, Norfolk.

As if pleased at the thought, Martin Wood, a vagrant, grinned when he told the Bradford magistrates that it was fifteen years since he did any work. He still smiled when he received sentence of a month's hard labour.

An extension of the City of London College in Moorfields, to be known as the Mitchell Annexe, was yesterday opened by the Marquis of Londonderry, who thus inaugurated the new scheme of commercial education in the City.

Up to May 24, said the Home Secretary in a Parliamentary Paper yesterday, there were 10,986 licensed hackney carriages in the metropolitan district; 3,547 (including 75 motor) omnibuses; and 1,798 trams, of which 967 are propelled by mechanical power.

Improvement in naval shooting was well maintained in 1904, reported the Lords of the Admiralty in a Blue-book issued yesterday. A slight falling-off compared with the results in 1903 is chronicled, but this was to be expected with the increased ranges at which the firing took place.

Tenders will be invited by the British Government for an experimental 36-knot torpedo-boat destroyer, with turbine machinery and fitted for oil fuel.

The reason why Max Darewski, the youthful musician, has withdrawn from the conductorship of the Kilites Band is that he has no licence, and not on account of police interference.

So far from assisting the bona fide unemployed of Liverpool, the stone-yard there has attracted to the city three or four hundred men who would never have gone but for the opening of the yard.

Reared by a heifer, a pair of fine lambs have just been sold in Sleaford (Lincs) market. The beast made an excellent foster-mother, and ran wildly about the field bellowing piteously when her charges were taken away.

The vicar of Portsea has no fewer than fifteen curates. No other church in the land can boast of such an army of curates attached to it. Even Leeds parish church, probably the next best to Portsea in this respect, stops at eleven.

Although a pheasant which has just brought off a brood at Chittlehampton, Devon, took no notice of a hen's egg which was placed in the nest during her absence, she turned against the chicken when hatched, and removed her own fledglings to other quarters.

"I am here for the purpose of committing a felony, as I would rather be in prison than in the workhouse," said Francis Gadd, a painter, when arrested on suspicion at Kingston. He was remanded yesterday for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

MARKETS NOT IN HAPPY MOOD.

Far Eastern Uncertainty Tends to Keep Buyers Quiet.

MINING CARRY-OVER.

CAPETOWN, Friday Evening.—Stock markets were not in the happiest mood to-day. Of course, the nearness of the settlement would do much to explain the uncertainty. There is also a good deal in the political world, especially in connection with the Far East, to keep buyers quiet for the time being. In the circumstances, with the monthly settlement so near, Consols have quite failed to respond to the cheap money conditions and prospects, and the price of the stock has eased off slightly to 90 3/4. It was an interesting fact, however, that neither political nor any other uncertainties have deterred the appearance of two fresh companies soliciting public favours. There is no doubt that with even the slightest improvement in the market position there would be a big rush of new issues.

The American position is still being watched closely, and crop news, further speculation, and the renewal of attacks by Lawson, the Boston gambler, have done something to create uneasiness. So long as New York is fencing with trouble, nobody will want to do much. But many think that the turn is not far off. To-day, of course, New York had to meet a big instalment on the Japanese scrip.

STAGNANT HOME RAILS.

As to Home Rails, there is so little business doing that it may be doubted whether the market was even fairly tested. If prices moved they were downwards.

Canadian Rails were hampered by the weakness shown by Americans. Then again it wanted a good deal of imagination to find much to enthuse over in the Canadian Pacific traffic decrease of 14,000 dollars.

The suggested Greek conversion scheme seems to be arousing a certain amount of criticism, as it is considered unnecessary. Greek bonds nevertheless continue to be bought on Continental account. As a whole Paris favourites were not much affected, if at all, by the death of Baron Alphonse Rothschild. It had been expected, and it will be recalled that the false rumour of his death was circulated yesterday. So that whatever effect it might have been likely to have had been seen already. Rio Tintos, which had been marked down on the rumour yesterday, fell a very little further on the news, if at all, and, in fact, copper shares might be described as good at the finish, including Tintos. As there was no confirmation of the news of the naval disaster, Japanese bonds were not quite so dull. The new scrip was only 1/2 discount. Perhaps a feature of the day was buying on behalf of American interests of certain amounts of Central American securities.

ATTACK ON LYONS'S.

In the Miscellaneous group most interest centred in Lyons shares. A circular, signed Stephen H. Fry, violently attacked the position, and the market was distinctly dull at 5 13/16, though market men could not see that the credentials of Mr. Fry were such as to command any degree of weight to his letter. Still, perhaps there is a little doubt on the subject of depreciation, and whether the firm has not gone ahead a little too fast, and it would be interesting if the auditors made an explanatory report was published in the course of the afternoon. Textile shares keep very firm, and the Bleachers' Association dividend of 2 per cent., with £50,000 to reserve and over £17,000 forward was liked.

It was the mining carry-over day. Kafirs rates were inclined to lighten, notably on Chartered, but owing to a certain amount of liquidation Kafirs were dull throughout. In West Africans Taguans seemed to be wanted, and apparently the "bears" had rather oversold Offin Rivers, while Akrokers were also harder. In Westralians Cosmopolitans were dull on the meeting, and Tasmanian Consols were only 1 1/2, in spite of the attempt of the group of shareholders to work up interest in the property. Waihis weakened at first on the carry-over rate being stiff.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of its leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all "outing, outside brokers," and "bucket-shop circulars," invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

OUTSIDE BROKERS (Sigma): Deal with neither. Why go to outside brokers at all, or take notice of their circulars?—BAXTER, SON, AND MAY (R): No.—KENT COAL CONCESSIONS (H. D.): No.—EAST FINGALL (J. B.): We regard them as a rank gamble. A firm of outside brokers is interested in unloading them, which may explain the optimistic statements received by you.—MIDLAND S.W. JUNCTION (P. D.): DEBS (W. W.): No, some market. Thought worth holding. Upkeep satisfactory.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1905

UNWARRANTABLE!

THE "Times" History of the South African War is taking so long to come out that one feels justified in expecting it to be accurate indeed, very sane, very impartial, very sound.

There is much in the third volume, issued yesterday, which fulfils these expectations, but unfortunately there is a good deal which does not. In particular, there is one statement which will arouse universal indignation.

Speaking of Spion Kop, the book makes this amazing attack upon the British soldier: "He did not, it declares, either in physical or moral endurance, prove himself equal to the terribly exacting demands of modern warfare. And then it goes on:—

Spion Kop might have been held against all comers by 500 men, but not by 500 ordinary British soldiers, nor by 5,000.

What does this mean? What is the distinction which the "Times" draws between "ordinary British soldiers" and "men"?—How is it no one has told us before that our soldiers were lacking in "physical and moral endurance"? Why have we had to wait five years for the "Times" to discover it?

Whatever opinions were formed as to the competence of some of our generals, no one has ever said a word before against the privates. On the contrary, they were the objects of general praise. Lord Roberts told the War Commission they were in no way inferior, and in many ways superior, to their forefathers who beat Napoleon. Sir Redvers Buller said: "The men are splendid." This is the first hint we have had of their failing to come up to the mark.

We are sorry anyone should have cast this mischievous and unwarranted aspersion upon the British soldier. We are especially sorry the "Times" should do so. It is, we fear, yet another sign of that lack of calm judgment which of late years has been discernible in what was once the most authoritative journal in the world.

THE WRONG REMEDY.

With every wish to see the cause of Temperance triumph, we cannot pretend to think highly of the Sunday Closing Bill, discussed by the House of Commons yesterday.

Its effect would be to prohibit the sale of drink during the whole of Sunday to anybody except travellers and lodgers upon licensed premises. Think what this would mean. The poor man, who cannot afford to keep a wine-cellar or a beer-cask, would be obliged to go without his usual drink at meals. If he felt thirsty in the afternoon he could not ring the bell and order something; he has no club to go to, like his well-to-do fellows; and the public-house doors would be closed against him.

In fact, the Bill would merely emphasise the existing far too great difference between the rich and the poor.

Someone will say, no doubt: "The poor man will be much better without anything to drink." That is quite possible, and in many cases highly probable, but take care: it is a dangerous principle to introduce; sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If in the poor man's interest we close the public-houses, why not, in the rich man's interest, close the clubs, and have a law prohibiting beer-casks and wine-cellar in private houses?

Such a measure would be a great inconvenience, too, to those who take their pleasure on Sundays on the road, or the river, or among the fields. They would rank as travellers, certainly, but how many places of refreshment would keep open on the mere chance of a few travellers turning up?

The real remedies for Sunday over-drinking are, first, to give people chances to do something better than merely drink, chances of amusing themselves in a cheerful, sensible way; and, second, to make the public-houses more like Continental cafés.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Love is of all sentiments the most egotistical. Therefore, when it is wounded, it is the least generous.—Benjamin Constant.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

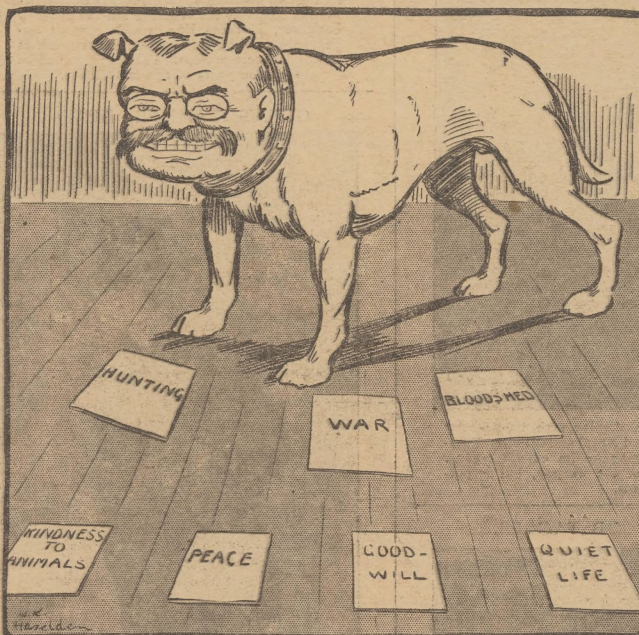
TO-DAY Queen Alexandra is expected back in London after what has been for her a long absence from England. Everybody will be glad to see her back, and her presence was all that was needed to make the season an even more arduous period, and London even more crowded, than ever. There have been fewer functions which require elaborate "openings" than usual this year, because the Queen has not been here to perform such ceremonies. The rush of social duties begins almost at once for her Majesty with the Court which she holds on Monday at Buckingham Palace.

Lord Rosmore, whose curious libel suit has attracted a good deal of attention, is well known as a sportsman. He gives a great many shooting-parties at his seat, Rosmore Park, in Co. Monaghan, and has several times entertained the Duke of Connaught, with whom he is a great favourite.

House, for her entertainments are always most artistically managed. In spite of their immense wealth Mr. and Mrs. Wernher do not entertain much in town. Mrs. Wernher is really more fond of the country, and although she generally has a box at the opera, and although Bath House is the ideal house for receptions, yet most of her time is spent at Luton Hoo, the famous old Surrey house which Mr. Wernher bought from the executors of the late Captain Leigh for £250,000.

Mrs. Craigie is a very versatile person. Besides having read everything that has ever been written, and writing books that everybody reads, she is an authority on music, and to-morrow, at the Hotel Cecil, is to lecture on the subject. Her love of literature, and of everything connected with books, began early in life. As a little girl she was allowed by her parents to subscribe to Mudie's Library, and used to go there day after day with her maid to examine the literary market. Her maid had to lift her up in her arms, for she was too small to see the books from the ground. Mrs. Craigie did

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS THE "EDUCATED BULLDOG."



The president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals declares that Mr. Roosevelt believes hunting, war, and bloodshed are the chief things in life. He is no more than an educated bulldog.

there. He is one of the people who have suffered from "doubles." Some thirty years ago in Rome a man passed himself off as Lord Rosmore, was invited everywhere, dined at the British Embassy, and spent the most pleasant time imaginable until it was discovered that the real owner of the title had been quietly hunting in Ireland the whole winter.

Have you ever noticed what a faculty lawyers have for throwing off legal preoccupations during their leisure hours? Happening to dine not long ago at the same table as a very famous member of the calling, I expected to find him logical, grave, even severe in manner. Not at all. He sat down in his place with the eager expectation of a hungry schoolboy, and opened the conversation (I ought to explain that this was almost a family dinner-party) by hurling a piece of bread at the head of his son, who sat opposite. During the rest of the evening he behaved and spoke as a child rather than as a learned Judge.

Lord Lindley, whose indisposition, caused by a fall on the Duke of York's Steps some time ago, is at present keeping him in a forced leisure in the country, used to share in this faculty of forgetting work "out of school." Once, when he was Master of the Rolls, he had to preside over a case between two rival conjurers. Everybody was surprised to see that he had the subject of conjuring at his fingers' ends. Afterwards he modestly confessed that he was practised himself in the art of extracting rabbits from top-hats, coins from people's noses, and eggs from behind their ears. He was used to amusing the company in that way after dinner!

Great disappointment is felt at the postponement of Mrs. Julius Wernher's reception at Bath

little serious writing, however, until her marriage. She was at one time, by the way, uncertain as to whether the stage was not her vocation, and she has acted a good deal—but only hitherto in drawing-rooms.

The Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, Mayor of Marylebone—the first clerical mayor that England has ever known—well deserves the testimonial, a solid testimonial in silver, which his colleagues have just presented to him. He has had a busy and, for a clergyman, quite an adventurous life. He went to school in Paris, and had the unfortunate Prince Imperial for a class-mate.

Mrs. Wakefield was something of an "enfant terrible," and he tells an amusing story of how, as a tiny child, he received Archbishop Trench, who came to call upon his parents in Ireland. The Archbishop was effusively greeted by all but the little boy, who stared coldly at him and said: "What on earth are you wearing that funny old hat for?" That was almost as bad as Du Maurier's famous child, who said when she saw her father habited for the first time as a Bishop: "Well, I must say, papa, you do look thupwemely widiculous!"

Lord Yarmouth, who has now almost recovered from his recent illness, is probably the only peer who has ever earned applause as a skit-dancer. His first appearance in that capacity was made more than ten years ago now—"in the days of his youth." He had organised a charity entertainment in Perth, and at the last moment one of the "turns," a skit-dancer, was too ill to appear. In no way daunted by this, Lord Yarmouth himself mounted the stage, and whirled his diaphanous skirts with a skill worthy of Loie Fuller herself.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

FOODS FOR THE THIN.

Plenty of potatoes, plenty of milk-puddings, plenty of hot milk to drink. Porridge for breakfast, milk in the morning, a good light lunch, milk instead of afternoon tea, a substantial dinner, and milk before going to bed. That would put flesh on to a broom-handle!

ONE WHO HAS TRIED.

"WAS THE LAW TOO SEVERE?"

I fail to see where the law was too severe in the case of the masked murderers.

"Old American" should look on the other side. Had the poor old happy couple who were murdered cruelly in such cold blood been his parents or relatives he would have felt that hanging was too good for the murderers.

They could look for no pity, but their poor mother deserves the sympathy of the whole world. Portland House, Southampton. J. L. TYRELL.

CLOSED UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK.

Taking an early stroll by the river, I was surprised to find the fine, well-wooded and turfied open space which surrounds Chelsea Hospital closed to the public at 8.45.

Numbers of people were on their way to work; it would have been a boon to them to walk through these gardens and enjoy their green beauty.

Surely it is not too much to ask the hospital authorities to have their gates open as early as those of the royal and County Council parks. Chelsea Embankment. L. C. C.

IMPRISONMENT FOR INFIDELITY.

Mr. Burden's view is the only and correct solution for an unhappy state of affairs.

In a case known to me the man, a retired Army officer, has deserted his wife and five children for a life of infidelity. He has shattered their health and happiness by his selfish, faithless conduct towards them.

This in my eyes is a far greater crime than the murdering of the body in a moment of angry passion. Yet such a person can go unpunished, while a devoted father, who steals, perhaps, a penny loaf of bread for his starving wife and children, gets months of imprisonment.

ROBERT STAFFORD GORDON (Major).

"A DOG WITH A BAD NAME."

Mr. H. A. Bulley merely displays his ignorance of what Socialism means. Your views on Socialism were correct.

Socialism means the science of reconstructing society on the basis of justice to all, destroying our present brutal competitive system, and building up a system of co-operation under which everyone would receive their share of the wealth produced by working for the nation.

Socialism means the death-blow to human parasites, sweaters, rack-renters, and other blots on our civilisation. It means uplifting the weak and oppressed, and giving all a chance to live a good and happy life.

W. B. RAMSEY.

Tiverton-street, Grimsby.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Editor of the "Times" History of the War.

His name is Amery, Leopold Charles Maurice Stennett Amery, and he is certainly one of the cleverest young men of the day.

Whether he has the more solid quality of judgment to balance his cleverness remains to be seen. The attack upon the British soldier in the volume which has just appeared is certainly neither a wise nor a well-balanced proceeding.

He was born in India thirty-two years ago; his father was an official of the Forest service. At Harrow he worked hard, and at Balliol harder, and results showed that he had worked to good effect.

While he was acting as secretary to Mr. Leonard Courtney, and, as most people thought, qualifying for a Radical seat in Parliament, he was elected a Fellow of All Souls. That seemed to attract his prospects altogether.

For a time he travelled. Then he joined the "Times." No more thoughts of a Radical M.P. ship now!

He was in South Africa most of the war time, and since it ended he has been writing up its history, with intervals of instructing the nation upon the present state of our military affairs.

He is a small man, with a keen, eager face, and a slow, but caustic tongue. He can sail a boat or climb a mountain with the best.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 26.—Here come the roses! Each year the first to open in my garden are the Japanese briars. They are deliciously sweet-scented, and have single red or white flowers. Planted as a hedge they look wonderfully attractive, being in bloom for quite two months. In a few days the popular Gloire de Dijon will be out.

Border edges are now very pretty. The pink and mauve anemones are still sheets of colour, while forget-me-nots, "snow" in summer, saxifrages, violas, pansies, are all flowering.

From the neat green of the thrift (sea pink) gay blossoms peep. This plant, haunter of sunny cliffs, is very useful, as it is at home in the driest position. E. F. T.

NEWS VIEWS

NAVAL DISPLAY AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL



The smartness and dexterity of the bluejackets' display with 124-pounder field-guns is one of the chief features of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament this year. They are seen above exchanging the limbers of the guns. The operation involves the entire dismantling of the weapon, but is performed in a few moments.

NAVAL GUNNERS TURN OBSTACLES.



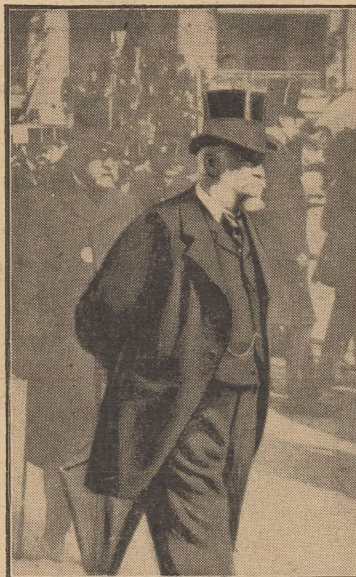
The ease with which the naval men handle their field guns is well shown in this photograph, which depicts them taking the weapons over an obstacle. Guns, wheels, limbers, and ammunition-boxes are tossed over a five-foot obstacle as if they were featherweights.

ROYAL DEBUTANTE.



At the ball given by Princess Henry of Battenberg to celebrate the "coming out" of her only daughter, Princess Ena, whose portrait appears above, King Edward and all the royalties in London were present. Princess Ena will be eighteen years of age in October.

GREAT BANKER DEAD.



Baron Alphonse de Rothschild died in Paris yesterday after a short illness. He was in his seventy-eighth year, and was the principal representative of the Rothschild family in France at the time of his death.

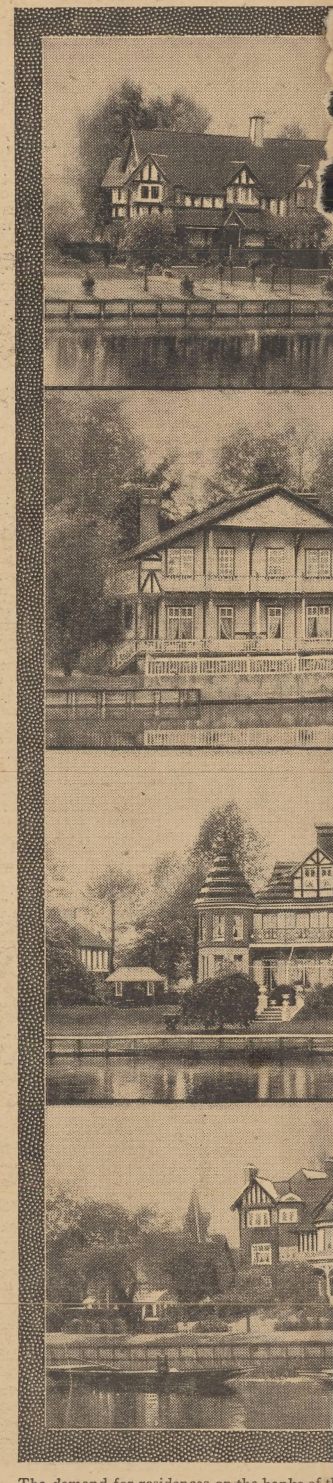
OUR VETERAN CRICKETER.



Dr. W. G. Grace, the Grand Old Man of cricket, was snapped by Mr. G. W. Bel-dam, the Middlesex amateur, just after he had made a characteristic drive past cover.

BEAUTIFUL THAM

SUMMER HOMES FOR



The demand for residences on the banks of the Thames and rents are accordingly going up by leaps and bounds. The first is at Maidenhead; the second, also at Maidenhead; the third, one of the prettiest of its class; and the fourth, one of the most modern and comfortable.

RIVERSIDE HOUSES

RESTFUL WEEK ENDS.



...es greatly exceeds the supply this year, and prices
unds. Some typical examples of these riverside
Bray House, Mrs. Brown Potter's residence, at
pied by Lady Scott; third in order is Creek House,
one is Oldfield, notable for its charming garden.

VAL D'OR,



Which will carry M. Blanc's colours in the French Derby instead of Adam, incapacitated by sickness. Val d'Or was to have run in the English Derby, but has been scratched.

ANOTHER BECK CASE.



After serving the greater part of a sentence of eight months' imprisonment for a burglary which he did not commit, James Croucher has just been released on an order from the Home Secretary. He intends applying for compensation.

NEW RAMSGATE LIFEBOAT.



A new lifeboat for Ramsgate was launched yesterday afternoon in bright sunshine. It will be used chiefly to aid vessels in distress on the fatal Goodwin Sands.

CAMERAGRAPHS

TRAINING CHILDREN AS SERVANTS.



A successful bazaar has just been held in aid of the Ladies' Charity School, in which destitute children are thoroughly trained for domestic service. The children wear the quaint dress shown in illustrations, No. 1 being worn indoors and No. 2 outside. In the third photograph they are seen at exercise in the playground, and No. 4 shows a few girls being instructed in the mysteries of the art of cookery.

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Plot of Mr. Pinero's Play, "The Cabinet Minister," To Be Revived Next Week.

When the Right Hon. Sir Julian Twombly, M.P., first saw the lady who eventually became his wife, she was standing over a tub in the tiled yard of her father's farm wringing out her little sister's pinafores.

Since then much had happened. Sir Julian had married the lady. He had become a Cabinet Minister. He had an insipid young man of twenty-two, Brooke, for a son, and a lovely girl of eighteen, Imogen, for a daughter. Also, he had a large house in Chesterfield-gardens, with an Algerian conservatory, price £7,150, not including the hot-water pipes. Lady Twombly had squandered money like water, and Brooke had followed his mother's example.

One afternoon, when Lady Twombly returned with Imogen, both in gorgeous attire, from a Drawing Room (it was in Queen Victoria's time), Sir Julian broke the news to his wife that his solicitor had insisted on his considering his financial position.

"Well," said her ladyship, airily, "accede to his request. Consider it."

"But, my dear," responded Sir Julian, "I have considered it. I am not at all considering it. We must go into the country and be poor."

"Oh," pleaded Lady Twombly, "think of my blessed chicks—my babies. Don't go under, Julian, till we've given them the benefit of your magnificent position."

Sir Julian stared hard at his wife. "Our mag."

"Wait till Brooke has won some handsome, wealthy girl," cried her ladyship, throwing her arms round her husband's neck. "Hold on until Imogen has made a marriage that will make every true mother's mouth water. Then I'll settle down with you alone, in a marsh. But don't sink into obscurity until the end of the year. I can do wonders by Christmas if you will give me till then."

Now Lady Twombly knew that her only possible chance was with Mr. Joseph Lebanon, a Jew, a moneylender, and brother of Mrs. Gaylustre, a fashionable dressmaker, who always took something off to people who invited her to their parties. At Chesterfield-gardens Mrs. Gaylustre was on the equivocal footing of being received as a dressmaker in the morning, and as a lady in the afternoon.

"On the introduction of Mrs. Gaylustre Mr. Lebanon expressed himself as being 'appy to see Lady Twombly through her difficulties. He lent her much money. She gave him many bills. For the moment the position was saved."

But, alas, when the day for meeting the first bill drew near Lady Twombly had no means of doing so. She had to confess it to Lebanon.

"Oh," exclaimed her ladyship, "I know you've got me—what's the expression?—on something or other."

"I 'ope 'baast' is not the word you require, Lady Twombly," responded Mr. Lebanon cheerfully. "You'll pardon my remarking that you are a little trying. Fan and I desire to reach the top

of the social tree, where the coconuts are. I am aware that for a successful entrée into society, I require a—ha—a substantial guarantee. I 'ave therefore the 'onour and the 'appiness to put myself under your sheltering, and, I 'ope, sympathetic wing."

What this meant was that Lady Twombly had to get an invitation for Mrs. Gaylustre and Mr. Lebanon to a Scotch castle, the seat of Lord Drumdurris, her relative. Here the enterprising pair thoroughly enjoyed themselves—for a time.

Mr. Joseph Lebanon got so hungry that he said he could "eat every breakfast in Great Britain," swallowed his knife, and called the men-servants "old chaps," drank people's health across table, and told long stories with no meaning at all, or else with two. And yet Mrs. Gaylustre complained that people treated him as if he were a snail in a cabbage!

Meanwhile Sir Julian was busily occupied with important Government papers concerning the question of the Rajputana Canal, and Mr. Lebanon, who was a shareholder in that company, was anxious to do a good stroke of business before he shook the dust of Drumdurris from his boots.

"Lady Twombly," he said one day, unaware that Sir Julian was an eavesdropper, "if I could know twenty-four hours in advance of the prying of the paper of the Government on the Rajputana Canal question, it would go far to 'eal the wound my self-respect has received in this recherché 'Ighland home."

Lady Twombly professed to be indignant, but fell. Going into Sir Julian's room, she found on the table a paper, of which she took possession. Lebanon, stealing in presently, caught sight of it in her hand.

"Excuse me," he said, snatching it from her.

"Oh, don't read it," she cried, while Mr. Lebanon carefully examined it. "Give it back to me and forget it."

"Give it to you back?" responded Mr. Lebanon with a cynical laugh. "Delighted. Forget it? Oh, Lady T., Lady T." The next moment he was handing back her bills.

"Oh, what a wicked woman I am," cried Lady Twombly, in an outburst of candour.

"I can get out of these beastly clothes," observed Mr. Lebanon irrelevantly, "drive to Strachaluch Junction, and wire to town before feeding time. The City is on the eve of a financial earthquake."

A moment or two later Sir Julian and Lady Twombly stood face to face, he aware of her treachery, she trying to excuse it to him.

"You believe you have betrayed a solemn secret of the Government to that unprincipled money-grubber," he said, "but you have not done so. That writing records the exact reverse of the truth."

"And—And Joseph?" faltered her ladyship.

"In the language of the vulgar," answered Sir Julian, "Mr. Lebanon is sold."

Lady Twombly gradually gathered her scattered wits. "The exact reverse of the truth?" she mused. "This why shouldn't I have my own little financial operations in the City?"

No sooner thought than done. Lady Twombly was presently wiring to a firm of brokers in the

bered the pitiable state he had found him in, and his craving for drink, the spirit that held his miserable soul and body together. There seemed to be only one thing for it—bribery! It was merely a matter of money; if he gave more than Vogel the wolf would hide his teeth—or bury them in his master's flesh.

"Look here," he said, dropping his voice and drawing a stool to the fire, "I met him this afternoon at two o'clock at the Red Posts—you know the inn on the hill at the top of the town; we can talk there satisfactorily—do you understand?"

The man smiled:

"Because I'm a wastrel, a drunkard, you think I serve the man who pays best; you think gold is my god?" He laughed, and his eyes looked over Merrick's shoulder at the figure in the background. "Gold was my god once; then I served Bacchus—that's the fellow's name who mixed the first drink, wasn't it? But don't you remember I told you I was giving it up, turning over a new leaf? 'Tisn't money I'm after now."

"That'll do, that'll do," Merrick interrupted quietly. "Two o'clock this afternoon, Red Posts."

He turned away, turned towards Dolores with an apology on his lips. Then, when he saw her face and the terror in her eyes he stopped short with a startled exclamation.

"Right, I'll meet you this afternoon—but I must see a word—to the lady now. Perhaps she's rather you weren't present though, whilst we talked."

But for his laugh the man's voice was quiet, respectful, almost humble.

Merrick turned on his heel with arm and whip upraised, but Dolores flung herself forward and held him back. The man watched without flinching; Merrick said nothing, but he looked at Dolores questioningly, and the fear in her face set a ghastly suspicion alight in his own heart.

A fear of the unknown—the impossible. "What have you got to say to me?" Dolores asked in a tremulous whisper, still clinging tightly to Merrick. "Who are you; what is your name? I—I don't know you."

The last was a question rather than an affirmation.

City and the official publication of the Rajputana agreement a few days later brought triumph to her and misery to Mr. Lebanon.

Strictly speaking, Lady Twombly should have been sent by one of His Majesty's Judges into some place of retirement where society would have known where to find her at Christmas. I grieve to state, however, that she profited by her misdeeds; that she had no more worries by day or bad dreams by night—no poverty, no cottage, no retirement. In short, she became a rich woman, and lived happily ever after.

This is Society, according to Mr. Pinero. Not an unfair picture on the whole.

ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

Death of a Famous Hound.

The Blenchdale Hunt has closed its season with mourning for the famous hound, Record, who has died at the age of ten years. Record had been in at the death of over 500 foxes, and had himself killed sixteen without assistance.

Changing the Political Stock.

The family of Lord Edmund Talbot, the Conservative candidate for Chichester, has been connected with the division for generations, and there is a good story going about the division of the retort which a countryman made to an attempt to enlist his support on that ground. "Surely you don't mean to say that you are going to vote for the Liberal, do you? Why, you know how long the family has represented the constituency," he was asked. "Aye," was his answer, bucolic but uncontrovertible, "that's jest it. They do say as how, when the same sort of taters (potatoes) has been in the ground too long it's as well to change the stock."

Slightly Exaggerated!

Mr. F. B. Meyer, the famous Nonconformist minister, has brought some fine stories back from America. The difficulty he found was to know how much to believe, for it was clear that parts of them may have been true. He was quite touched with the story of a rattlesnake, which, saved from death, attached itself to its benefactor and his family as a domestic pet. But he had decided doubts about the end of the story. One night the rattlesnake's friend and benefactor hearing a noise in the house entered a room to find the snake holding a burglar tight by the throat while it rattled its tail out of the window for a policeman. There certainly is an air of exaggeration about it.

An Anecdote of Mr. Gladstone.

There is a new anecdote of Mr. Gladstone in the June number of the "Sunday Strand." An elderly widow had a son inclined to go wrong. She remonstrated, but in vain. At last she became possessed of the idea that if she could persuade Mr. Gladstone, who was then Premier, to take him in hand, he might perhaps be saved. Mr. Gladstone responded to her request at once, and, though the affairs of the Empire pressed heavily upon him, he had the lad sent to his study, and, with his usual genuine simplicity, spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance, and then knelt down and prayed God to help him in the work of redemption. This kindly action was effectual.

"Don't you remember me, don't you recognise me?" the man asked softly. "Look again, look carefully."

He advanced a step or two.

"Keep back," Merrick said between his teeth. Dolores's breath came quickly; she trembled like a leaf, and Merrick freed himself from her hold, and put his arm around her to support her.

He tried to speak, to say something conventional; he tried to think of a sane, ordinary course of action—but his tongue was tied and his feet glued to the spot.

The situation was almost ludicrous, but—

"Your name!" Dolores panted. "What is your name?"

But the man smiled and shook his head.

"Six years ago, more or less, and you don't remember! I've changed, of course; but my voice, you might remember that. You've heard this voice say—"

"Hush!" Dolores cried. "Stop!" Then to Merrick she whispered, not daring to look at him, keeping her face hidden. "Leave me, Arthur, alone—with him, I leave me for a few minutes."

He hesitated a moment.

"No!"

The man laughed.

"I won't eat her. I won't hurt her. You shall see her again, once again at any rate."

"You must leave me, Arthur," Dolores cried again. "I'll explain afterwards. You trust me, don't you? You'll come back?"

"I'll walk a hundred yards away," he said sternly, releasing Dolores and looking at the man. "And I'll give you ten minutes, not a second longer."

"You are too kind." The man spoke jeeringly now. He watched Merrick until he was out of earshot, then he turned to Dolores. She stood there, where Merrick had left her, motionless save for the violent trembling of her limbs; her head was buried on her breast. She looked utterly crushed, utterly changed.

And the man saw the change, and it cut him like a knife. And as he looked at her, with a cer-

(Continued on page 11.)

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A NEW COMPETITION FOR THE CHILDREN—AN ELEGANT CORSAGE.

EXQUISITE JEWELLERY.

BRIGHT-EYED JAPANESE THE LATEST CHARM.

There are numbers of exquisite novelties in artistic jewellery to be seen now in Paris, including real works of art in the way of pendants, brooches, and buckles. Bracelets are prominent among them, and effective patterns are carried out in gold of three different colours adorned with floral decorations executed in gems and enamels.

Necklaces are much in demand. The most popular designs consist of motifs of chased gold alternating with pearls or pale pink coral beads. A magnificent necklace is composed of small panels of translucent enamel, adorned with apple-tree flowers and framed with chased gold.

Back and side combs for the hair are also extensively sold, and in these the most fanciful designs are to be seen. Among the latest creations is an attractive comb of light tortoiseshell beaded with a handsome motif of chased gold representing birds' heads. These are surmounted with two ears of corn, elaborately chased, and gathered together by a large emerald. An endless variety of rings is everywhere displayed, and among them the old-fashioned marquise shape is popular, closely set with diamonds and rimmed with rubies.

A charming crooked handle for a sunshade is designed in the Louis XV. style, and is made of oxidised silver adorned with dainty flowerets handsomely chased.

Long chains retain their popularity and are enriched with diamonds, pearls, turquoises, or emeralds. From them hang little boxes or charms, and among the latest is the head of a Japanese girl with brightly shining eyes.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION AND FOUR PRIZE-WINNERS.

Evidently the picture shown last week on this page, which illustrated the proverb "Look before you leap," afforded great satisfaction, for the number of competitors was enormous. Perhaps the many prizes that were offered helped to make the subject an agreeable one, so I have determined to give the same number of prizes this week.

The first prize of 5s. goes this week to Madge Tatham, 29, Upper Richmond-road, East Putney, for a very creditable work of art. The second prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to Gwen White, 40, Cecil-road, Muswell Hill, N., who has given her

Very fine dove grey cashmere composes this elegant corsage, which is modishly draped round the figure and trimmed with dove gros grain silk, embroidered with Watteau colours, such as pink, white, green, mauve, and amber.

boy an expression of quite appropriate terror on his face. The third prize, also of 2s. 6d., is awarded to Cecile Darby, The Leap Castle, Rosrea, Ireland; and another 2s. 6d. (the fourth prize) goes to Fred Reilly, 14, School-street, Eccles New-road, Salford, Manchester.

Highly commended are the efforts of Olive Waddington Ringwood, 15, Elfindale-road, Hernehill, S.E.; Margaret Locke, 117, Plough-road, St.

John's-hill, Clapham Junction, S.W.; Gwendoline A. Catherwood, Wych Elm, Hornchurch, Essex; and Ivy Montanari, 115, Gray's Inn-road, W.C.

A NOVELTY PICTURE.

This week, as you will see from the very strange picture on this page, we are giving you a new competition. What you have to do is to cut out the black objects in the picture and fit them to-



gether to make something that is familiar to all of you. Examine the bits carefully after you have cut them out, twist them here and turn them there on a clean piece of white paper, and you will soon see, I think, what they form. Then dab them carefully on the back with paste or gum (paste is much cleaner than gum), and form the object you think they should make. Neatness will be taken into consideration, so be sure to make your pictures clean and pretty. By the way, it will be noticed that a space has been given beneath the pictures on which names and addresses are to be inscribed. This will do away with the necessity of pinning pieces of paper on the drawings.—Your affectionate

DERRY-DOWN-DERRY.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

To renovate rusty and limp black lace dip it several times in water in which black kid gloves have been boiled for an hour, then left to soak until the water is tepid. Squeeze the gloves hard before removing them. Use a quart of water for a pair of gloves. There is colouring matter as well as stiffening in the water thus treated.

For washing lawns, organdies, and cambrics, boil two quarts of clean bran in two gallons of water for half an hour after the boiling has started. Leave it until it is cold, and strain it through a thick cloth, pressing it hard. Wash the muslin in this, using neither soap nor starch. The material should then be ironed while it is damp over several thicknesses of flannel or a clean old blanket.

Sponge a man's coat with hot vinegar. This will cleanse and freshen it. It should be sponged afterwards with ammonia.

"King Daffodil shall not win," she whispered—desperate, cornered, terrified—her only refuge, a lie! "King Daffodil shall not win—for my own sake Vogel's horse shall win! I know, he threatened all these things to me long ago—that is why I promised him, that is why I am here—to prevent King Daffodil winning. Wait, and you will see—wait until the day—and you will see!"

"Well, have you finished?"

Merrick had reached her side, and stood between her and Hilary. "I have given you more than ten minutes."

"On the day it will be too late," Hilary continued, taking no notice of Merrick. His eyes were fastened on Dolores, staring dreadfully at her, his face twitching convulsively, his lips where his teeth had met flecked with blood. He was more like a wild beast than a human creature.

"Vogel cannot wait until the day—and I cannot wait either!"

"You," cried Merrick scornfully, though his heart beat fast with certain fear. "You, who the deuce are you to dictate to this lady?"

Hilary looked up, then, with a feeble croaking laugh:

"Only her husband—that's all—just her husband! Didn't you know?"

(To be continued.)

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NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

Cut out these strange-looking pieces of paper, and when you have discovered what you believe they represent (something quite familiar to you all), paste them neatly together to form the object. Competitions must be sent in to the Children's Corner, the "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., by the first post of Thursday, June 1.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

"As I see you now I've seen you for years in my imagination. So you've haunted me when Vogel has threatened to send for you—as I see you to you are. . . . But tell me what you want—is money?"

He plucked up courage for an instant and he looked at the figure of Arthur Merrick silhouetted against the horizon.

"I want to know how much you love him," he whispered.

"What has that got to do with you; what right have you?"

"A husband's right," he snarled.

"I don't love—" she stammered.

"Don't lie," he hissed. "I asked how much!"

She faced him proudly and fiercely then.

"If you want the truth you shall have it," she cried. "I do love him, with all my heart and with all my soul! I love as I have never loved before—

for he has awakened the passion in my heart that has been chained there a prisoner all these years."

Horace Hilary was silent. He cowered, seemed to shrink up and grow smaller, feebler. His hands gripped the collar at his throat as if he choked. The figure on the horizon moved impatiently, then commenced to walk slowly towards Dolores and Horace Hilary.

The latter kept his eyes fixed on his wife, but she saw Merrick approaching and watched him coming nearer and nearer with a strange, terrible fascination.

"You haven't yet told me what you want me to do," she managed to ejaculate at last. "Tell me—quickly—before he reaches us!"

"I want you to keep your promise to Vogel," he said.

"Why? What does it matter to you—I shall keep my promise?"

Hilary shook his head and allowed his eyes to glance at Merrick, now scarcely fifty yards away.

"Oh, no, you won't," he laughed. "I'm a poor, drink-sodden fool, but I know human nature. You're not going to ruin the man you love—you wouldn't mind ruining your husband—but not the man you love! Oh, no, his horse will win—and then, do you know what will happen then?"

"No," she gasped, scarcely knowing what she said. "No."

Hilary shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll tell you. Vogel is merciless—he's set his heart on this job, on winning this race. If we fail him he'll—he'll ruin you, he'll ruin us both. I'm pretty near done with now—but you. You're young, you're beautiful—the world is at your feet! You'll be cut by all decent people, you'll be left without a penny in the world, without a friend in the world—just as I've been left all these years."

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